THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 24. Whole No. 76.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. THE TICKLER shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, IN ADVANCE. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

PROPOSALS

BY

JOSEPH SCOTT,

Author of the United States Gazetteer. the Modern Geographical Dictionary, in 4 vols octavo, the Elements of Geography for the use of Schools, &c.

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION

CELESTIAL & TERRESTRIAL

GLOBES.

******

The publisher is induced to issue these proposals, from the consideration that it will require a considerable capital to engage in the business; it would therefore be imprudent to hazard the publication, unless there is previous encouragement given.

Although we owe allegiance to no government but our own, yet we cannot say that we are really independent, as long as we are obliged to have recourse to foreign countries for their manufactures, &c. Let us lessen, as soon as possible, the number of our applications to foreign nations to supply our wants, and encourage the industry of our own citizens. While we are in the act of supplying our wants by the industry of foreign nations, let us not, in the mean time forget to cultivate the arts and sciences. It is the cultivation of the arts and sciences that gives character, dignity, and splendor to a nation.

....

CONDITIONS.

I. The Celestial and Terrestrial Globes, shall each be twelve inches in diameter.

II. They shall be constructed similar to Adams's 12 inch globes.

III. They shall be mounted and finished in the most elegant manner, and equal in correctness to any of the imported globes.

IV. The price shall be twenty-six dollars each pair, six dollars less than those imported.

V. As soon as the publisher receives sufficient encouragement, he will commence constructing them.

Subscriptions are received at the principal bookstores.

July 26

Dr. Godbold's

Vegetable Balm of Life.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

The following certificate is published at the request of the under-mentioned *NOBILITY*, &c. who honoured the late Proprietor with their names, to prove the validity of his assertions and for the good of mankind.

Godbold's Vegetable Balm of Life,

So truly efficacious in the cure of Consumptions and Asthmas, ought not only to be held in high estimation, but its reputation ever preserved; for which purpose, in justice to Mr. Godbold, sole patentee of the Vegetable Balm of Life, (and as a tribute due to him for the many years study and infinite expence he has been at, in discovering and bringing to perfection a medicine of such utility and importance,) we do hereby certify and declare, that this medicine, the superior efficacy of which we have experienced in our own families and to whomsoever we have recommended it, is a sovereign remedy in Consumptions, Asthmas, Coughs, Colds, and Scorbutic complaints; we, therefore, recommend it as highly necessary to be kept in all families, and it is our earnest request that the afflicted may give it trial, being convinced of its certain success in those compiaints.

Most noble the marquis of Lothian
Right hon. viscount Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lord Grantley
Right hon. lord Macdonald
Right hon. lord Fortescue
Right hon. lord Montfort
Right hon. viscountess Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lady dowager Grantley
Right hon. lady dowager Fortescue
Right hon. Mr. Shirley
Right hon. lady dowager viscountess Falmouth
Lady Appreece
Sir John Coghill, bart.
Sir Francis Blake, bart.
Sir Brook Bridges, bart.
Sir Edward Newenham, bart. M. P. for Dublin
Judge Barrington, ditto
Sir George Armstrong, bart.
Sir James Lake, bart.
General Drouly
Colonel Doyle, and
Colonel De Bath.

The proprietor had the honour to receive a letter from the right hon. earl of Stamford, wherein he says, 'I shall with pleasure give any person who might apply to me, my opinion of the good effects of your most valuable medicine.'

Attested certificates from the above noble persons, explaining the particulars of each cure effected, are wrapped round each bottle, together with other certificates too numerous to mention.

This medicine is sold by appointment of the proprietor, in bottles at one dollar each, by

W. LEHMAN, W. SMITH & SON,
South Second-street, 1st house above the Bank of Pennsylvania.
JOHN Y. BRYANT,
Corner of Pine & Second-streets.
JOHN HART,
South Second near Market-street.
BAZIN & CO.
No. 11, north Second-street.
SAMUEL WETHERILL & SON,
Front-street near Arch-street.
JOHN WETHERILL,
Corner of Arch and Front-streets.
STEPHEN NORTH,
No. 85, Market-street.
RICHARD HEIMBERGER,
No. 200, north 2d street.

And likewise by the proprietor himself,

Henry Ward,

Corner of Walnut and Eighth-streets.

At the same places may be had, Dr. Jebb's Nature's Restorative, and also, Dr. Tissot's Gout and Rheumatic Drops.

A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

District of Pennsylvania, *to wit:*

BE it remembered, that on the eleventh day of May, in the thirty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A.D. 1809, Benjamin Carr, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, to wit:

"*APPLICAZIONE ADDOLCITA, twelve airs and a ground with variations, or arranged as rondos in the different major and minor keys chiefly in use, with the fingering marked, and a small prelude to each, by Benjamin Carr. OP. price 3 dollars.*

"*The certainty that there cannot be too great a number of pieces proper for pupils, is the inducement for the present addition to those already published; the following are not placed in any progressive order, further than the regular increase of sharps and flats; the little preludes being all upon the same construction, may perhaps give some idea of transportation and variation. To amateurs who occasionally wish for some short pieces of the above kind, this work is also respectfully submitted.*"

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, intituled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.' And also to the act, entitled, 'An act supplementary to an act entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.'

D. CALDWELL,
CLERK
July 12 of the district of Pennsylvania.

PATENT

WALL COLOURING,

AND PAINTING

IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully presents his thanks to to the public, for the general encouragement he has met with, in the above-mentioned new method of ornamenting walls instead of papering; and as a number of improvements have been made, some defects discovered and accordingly corrected, he flatters himself, that a repetition of his former advertisements, as also a statement of his improvements, will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The superior advantages attending this painting, in respect to durability, cost, and not being a harbor for insects, must be obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It is generally known, that paper cannot be made to last long on damp walls, whereas the painting when executed in water colors, will stand proof for a considerable time, without being injured by it. The roughness of walls is as effectually hid by the painting when figured, as by papering, and when become scaly by repeated white washing, the subscriber has them scraped and cleansed with appropriate instruments. Among the number of his improvements may be rated in the first instance, his greater facility and accuracy in copying the most difficult patterns from paper. He has also discovered a better method of preparing his colors for plain grounds on new walls, and old ones, exposed to damp. He has invented a machine for a scaffold to raise and lower and move about without coming down, practicable in all parts of a building, by which means he will be enabled to do his work nearly half as fast again. He will for the future be better aided by proper instructed assistants, so as to prevent disappointment, and also establish a better, and to the public more satisfactory regulation of his prices.

Specimens in oil and water colours, may be seen in all parts of the city and suburbs. Patterns already copied from paper, to be chosen at his dwelling, No. 108, north Seventh-street, where written directions will be duly attended to.

N. B. Two boys, from 14 to 18 years of age, and of good moral character, wanted as apprentices.

Augustus Uz.

May 10——4

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26.

Mr. SCRATCH'EM,

Permit me to make a few observations on a piece which appeared in your paper, signed W. F. M. Mr. M'Laughlin need not have been so anxious to have concealed his name, unless he wishes to hide his ******** under a borrowed one. I assert, sir, that the whole of what he states in that piece as facts, are downright falsehoods, and ought never to have found a place in your excellent and truly useful paper. Mr. Enoch Wheeler, who lives at No. 99, Vine-street, and who is willing, nay anxious to state the whole occurrence to any gentleman who will call upon him and who hereby also promises a glass of wine a piece to such persons, whom he seems ironically to stile 'gentleman,' is as good a man as any William F. M'Laughlin that ever drew breath and will prove the same.

E. W.

July 20th, 1809.

For the TICKLER.

Friend Toby,

In one of your late numbers I saw a few slight remarks on Moses Wadlow and his repository of filth, between Vine & Race-streets near Fwelfth; but it appears to me, you did not do sufficient justice to Mosey's abilities, and lost sight entirely of his motives for paying so much attention to this delightful command; yet I believe you are always ready to give every one his deserts, I hope you will not deny him his.

You must know, that I frequently take a walk out Vine-street as far as Mosey's collection, and for some time took no notice of it, except to ADMIRE the *delicate & delicious* smells which assailed me as I passed; by and by, however, I observed Mosey's corps at work on it, and was afraid they were going to deprive the neighbouring inhabitants of such a delightful regale to their senses of seeing and smelling, by removing it——but in a day or two, I was agreeably undeceived, for I then had the satisfaction to observe that Mosey was practising Duane's new military tactics with his field of sweets, and to do him justice, in my opinion, he succeeded full as well as the colonel himself could have done——the line, the square, the column was fully displayed—there you might see a body of dung drawn up in a column, here a corps of street dirt in a square, in one place trash raked out from the alleys and cellars in echellon, &c. another of all putrid vegetables and filth of every description in circles, the whole beautifully besprinkled with dead dogs, &c. Indeed Bonaparte himself must have admired his arrangement, and sorry I am to see they are breaking in on it. I perceive they are making another collection to the southward in a place nearly surrounded by inhabitants, no doubt they may have a more full enjoyment of it I advise you, friend Toby, to walk outand take a view in two or three weeks, when you will be able to appreciate Mosey's merits, for he will, no doubt again be practising. The most interesting of the whole is to see Mosey's guards at work; only fancy them fifteen or twenty figures, as Salvater Rosa drew, stript to the shirt and trowsers, each with his pipe in his mouth—their different attitudes, but generally at rest; their constant jabber, and then the steam arising around them as they threw up the columns to the sun——the fragrance floating around, is a most gratifying sight and smell. Indeed such an accumulation of sweets may *destroy* a dozen or two of the surrounding inhabitants, if the weather becomes very hot, but that signifies *nothing*, when the pleasure and prospect is considered. Friend Toby, I hope you will not fail to walk out, if the Board of Health don't in the mean time take it into their heads that it is a nuisance, and order it to be removed to a distance from the ordinary view of the citizens.

I am, Friend Toby,
Your admirer,

A. B.

During the last session of our state legislature, a bill was passed laying *a tax upon dogs*, and sent to the king of Ignorance for his approbation. Simon is said to have felt much perplexed how to act, till when taking a walk on a fine afternoon, a large mastiff rushed out upon, and was very near biting the executive majesty of Pennsylvania. This roused Simon's ire——home he trotted, signed the bill and returned it to the legislature. 'Mercy on us! his majesty in a passion.'

JOWLER.

Jacky Binns and Billy Binder were recently conversing together, when Binns remarked to Binder, 'that Joseph Lloyd was about to commence a democratic paper, in order to put down Simon Snyder.' 'Why,' asked Binder, 'don't you attack Lloyd before-hand, and thus frustrate his design?' 'Oh,' replied the jailbird, 'he is *beneath* my notice!' 'Why,' rejoined Binder, 'you are as bad as Duane——he says *you* are *beneath* his *notice*, and you say the same of Lloyd!'

The Irish Beauty.

That sprig of *modesty*, the *Irish beauty*, recently undertook to insult a gentleman while walking the street in company with ladies. If his improper—nay brutal—conduct is *repeated*, he may rely upon being regaled with a minute account of his heroic escalade of fort Spruce-street without the aid of a scaling ladder, and an assignment of the reasons why the fortress has ever since been guarded by a spiked abbatis.

BANK STOCK.

We presume our old friend, mine host of the Shakespeare, must keep something *very good* to sell, as some of the magpots of the law, who breed and live in the rotten parts of it, particularly an ex-captain of militia, have frequently been seen to come out of the hotel, *licking their lips*.

We hope the public will not withhold from Mr. Scratch'em the immense load of gratitude they owe him, for the rich entertainment with which he, directly or indirectly furnishes them. Shortly after the last number of the Tickler was issued, the little ropemaker was seen dancing the 'highland fling' in a rage, 'bouncing and fluttering like a squib,' commenting on the piece signed *Native Ireland*, wondering how Mr. Scratch'em came to know his former declarations respecting honest Mat, &c. not however giving the fact therein stated the smallest contradiction; but that we know he could not do. Now we can account for the intimacy alluded to. Honest Mat is a broker and has money to lend sometimes, 'thereby hangs a tale.'

Upon reflection, Mr. Scratchem is aware how fatal might be the consequence of rousing the ropemaker's ire, and as he cannot give up Mr. Mac. yet, the public expecting further entertainment, advises him to read the Tickler any where but in his ware-room or manufactory, lest he might conclude his performances on the

TIGHT ROPE.

No rupture is expected to take place between the ropemaker, and honest Mat, as the former, to adjust all matters heretofore in variance, and to enable Mat to do justice to his own merits, intends troubling him 'with a LINE.'

The high-constable is requested not seize the oysters of one man, and throw them into the barrow of another oysterman, and then suffer them to be sold to our citizens. This cannot be considered as acting in conformity with the democratic sentiment of 'an equal distribution of property.'

The important and quensicontial-looking SAMMY BRYAN, (formerly Switch-tail Sammy) has undergone a very material metamorphosis in his head dress, by cutting off the tail of his wig, and now wearing it nicely curled from ear to ear. Sammy is no longer to be dubbed a *Switchtail*, but may be very fairly classed with those animals whom we stated in our last week's paper, to have effected their escape from Peale's Museum.

The present mode of seleeting jurors is certainly very eligible on the score of impartiality——but we wish the assessors, (whose duty it is to return the names of such as are fit for jurors) would be more attentive & not return persons who are better calculated to fill a *strait jacket* than a jury box.

Pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw.'

At the Mayor's court, lawyer Notquiteblack, to unbend his care 'distracted brain,' was engaged in *heading and tailing* his penknife with some of his 'learned brethren,' for a penny's worth of nuts—and actually did win from a gentleman, who by his *suavé* and elegant manners ought not to have risqued his standing in society upon the *toss up* of *black* or *white* with a *colour* that *fades*.

Mathew Randall is requested to call at No. 79, south Second-street, and settle a cordwainer's bill of long standing.

For the TICKLER.

Another remarkable instance of bravery *in the bull-shooting Colonel.*

Mr. Scratch'em.

The following statement may serve to corroborate col. Sam. Hargesheimer's cowardice, so forcibly alluded to in your last. On the 21st day of August, 1807, I was requested to walk down to a house near the marine barracks. Col. Sam Hargesheimer and a major Hoover were practising the *small-sword* exercise with *bamboo canes*, to the great amusement of the spectators, who felt vastly tickled at their fantastic gambols. In the course of a conversation in a *mixed* company, I observed to the colonel, that he was '*niggardly*'——upon which he asked me with much warmth, if I 'called him a *negro*?' I endeavoured to explain: but on repeating the word '*niggardly*,' he exclaimed, 'do you mark the scoundrel—he has called me a *negro* again!' I was at that time in a bad state of health, and of course prevented from resenting the colonel's abuse by an effort of personal prowess. I left the house, and went with my friends to the marine barracks, from whence I sent him a note, desiring him to meet me on the Jersey shore. The note was delivered by an intimate friend of mine into Hargesheimer's own hand. I was on the Jersey shore at the time specified in the note——*but no colonel Hargesheimer came!!!* However, shortly after my return to my lodging, *colonel* Hargesheimer entered, followed by a posse of his friends, abused and beat me in an inhuman manner. On recovering my senses, (which by beating he had for a time deprived me of) I went to Richard Renshaw, Esq. and procured a warrant for his apprehension——the constable arrested and brought him to the room where I lay confined by reason of the inhuman treatment I had received from him and his party.

Constable. Sir, here is the prisoner.

Hargesheimer. Do you mean to prosecute me C——? If you do, I will enter a prosecution against you for sending me a challenge.

I desired the constable to give me the warrant, and ordered the scoundrel, *colonel Hargesheimer*, to abscond.

C. C.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Treachery and —— Murder,

OR

A SECOND JUDAS COME TO LIGHT.

Mr. Scratch'em,

I know a wretch who is *inflictly* guilty of *treachery*, and *constructively* of MURDER.

The detestable villain was once a *soap-boiler*, who by possessing a *show* of talent, forced himself into notice among those Irishmen who were planning to rescue their native country from the fangs of despotism. A mission of great importance was very improperly entrusted to this hireling of the British ministry, in conjunction with two real and staunch friends to the cause they had espoused. In the year 1798, Arthur O'Connor, Dr. Quigley, and our *hero*, arrived at Maidstone, Kent, (England) and the occurrences at that place induce me to put the following interrogatories to the fellow, who now is an inhabitant of this city; if he *can* exculpate himself, I expect he will not *hesitate* to do so——if he neglects or refuses to repel the charge, his silence will be construed into a tacit acknowledgment of his GUILT.

Mr. Maidstone Mucking-bird.

Did you know the rev. Dr. Quigley?

Do you know Arthur O'Connor, Esquire?

Do you, or do you not know the hollow hearted scoundrel, who after a most solemn appeal to heaven, *never to deceive his friends*, basely and Judas-like, conspired with a Smithfield officer of the British government, to surrender up both his companions, as innocent sacrifices in order to effect the safety of himself and his brother *Ben*, and acquire his thirty pieces of *gold* for each of the victims?

Do you, or do you not know that the said modern Judas, in consequence of a preconcerted design between himself and the Smithfield officer, wrote a letter containing treasonable matter against the British government, which letter he secretly conveyed into the pocket of a coat belonging to Dr. Quigley?

Do you, or do you not know that the said modern Judas, left the room in which Dr. Quigley and A. O'Connor were sitting, a few minutes before the visit of the Smithfield officer—who demanded of Dr. Quigley where you were?——to which the doctor replied that 'he did not know, but that you had left the room a few moments before.' Whether or not, the Smithfield officer then told Dr. Quigley who and what he was, and immediately demanded his and A. O'Connor's papers——that he searched them without finding any thing which could be construed to their prejudice. Whether the said Smithfield officer did not then swear that he would not leave the room until he had obtained a certain letter of information to the French Directory, and whether he did not ask Dr. Quigley, 'who owned that coat' which was hanging in the room——the doctor said it belonged to himself——the officer then put his hand into one of the pockets, and drew out the object of his search—the letter which the modern Judas had placed there. Dr. Quigley, A. O'Connor, and even yourself, to save appearances, were then arrested, tried ——, the doctor convicted and executed, while you had been furnished

with a particular word, by way of *countersign*, so that the court and its officers might recognize you, and do nothing to your prejudice.

Whether or not your former friends entertained suspicions of your integrity——and whether they did not altogether withdraw their confidence from you, because you always appeared furnished with plenty of *bank-notes* notwithstanding you had no income but what could arise from pursuing your original profession, which you were too proud, idle, and vicious to do. And lastly, whether it was not this loss of confidence and countenance among your former friends in Ireland, that induced you to come to America.

Well may this foul hearted ruffian exclaim:

'And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troop of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but *deep*.'

The shade of St. Patrick.

PS. From memory I venture to state the substance of a certificate signed by James M'Guican and William Dowdal, two of the witnesses subpoened from Dublin to Maidstone, on behalf of Dr. Quigley. This certificate was signed in the presence of Charles O'Hara, William Pulman M'Cabe, and Felix O'Rurke, and states it to be the opinion of the certifiers, that the said *Judas Iscariot* was guilty of the bloody murder of the aforesaid Dr. Quigley.

When the great *doctor* Frick, one of Binns' understrappers, recently got married, he had the ceremony performed at Germantown, after which he took the bride and company to the Falls of Schuylkill, to treat them with a mess of

CATFISH.

We sincerely hope that the respectable clerical gentleman alluded to in our last number, will improve the hint we gave, and imitate the highly proper conduct of the worthy Dr. Rogers, and discard honest Mat from among his acquaintances.

COMMUNICATION.

The person who lately left his umbrella in pawn, at a tavern in Jersey, is admonished to call, pay fifty cents, and take it away, otherwise he may expect that a minute description of his size, air and complexion, will appear in a future number.

JERSEY BLUE

Lawyer Tittyboy's pew in a certain church, has been taken from him, and transferred to major Toney Lumpkin Simmons. It certainly is very gratifying to us to hear that Toney has abandoned taverns. 'Reformation,' says Stevens, 'is like the comely *froth* on the top of a tankard of porter,' and we sincerely wish that Toney's conversion to decency of deportment may not prove to be a mere *frothy* affectation.

At the late Mayor's court, a negro was called up as a witness on the part of the defendant——the counsel for the prosecution objected to him as incompetent, owing to his having on a former occasion been convicted of an infamous crime. The court, to avoid the loss of time necessary to a search of the record, inquired of Notquiteblack (probably supposing that he was the Philadelphia Jonathan Wild) 'whether he knew the fellow?'—'Yes,' replied Notquiteblack, 'he is one of MY acquaintances.'

An important question.

Some time since a Frenchman was arrested and committed to prison, for want of bail, on a charge of bastardy. At the last term of Common Pleas, he applied for and was heard on a writ of habeas corpus. During the investigation it appeared, that the child had been begot in France, and was born upon the ocean, so that our courts had no cognizance of the affair, as our poor laws contained no provision against a case of this nature. A gentleman of the bar facetiously observed, that it was of right a question which ought to be only decided by Bonaparte and Neptune.

It is reported that our hospital wall is becoming a fashionable resort for promenades, and that JOHN LAWYER MANSFIELD frequently perambulates it in the evening for the benefit of——inhaling fresh air!

'Nothing more——dear Agnes.'

Towards the close of the late session of the Mayor's court, a man who attended in order to prosecute several offenders for purchasing stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, addressed the court on the damage his goods (consisting of ready made clothes) had previously received, while in the possession of those who had purchased them from the thief, and the farther injury they were sustaining by being thrown about in court——and concluded by informing the court, that some of the gentlemen of the bar had even wiped their boots upon them. The court and Peter A. Browne, the prosecuting attorney, insisted upon the man's naming the person who had done the DIRTY deed——after some hesitation, and several assurances that he 'could prove it,' the man told the *clean* and *clever* lawyer Browne, 'THOU ART THE MAN,' and immediately named his informant. The court and lawyer Browne told the man, *that he must prove his allegations*, and ordered a supœna for the witness. The man went, and in a short time returned with the witness, but was obliged to wait till a cause then before court, had been finished. This was not accomplished till twilight——when the court were not in the *greatest order*, and while candles were bringing in, the man stepped up with his witness to lawyer Browne, and instead of addressing the court, he informed Mr. deputy attorney-general, that his witness was there and ready to testify to the truth of his allegation. 'Sir,' said Browne to the witness, 'did you see me wipe my boots on this man's clothes?' 'Yes sir,' replied the witness, 'I did, and can swear to it.' 'It is very well,' cried Browne, 'YOU MAY RETIRE.' It is surmised, that had the man not been able to substantiate his assertion in the most ample manner, he would probably have spent 30 days in jail, ruminating on contempts of court——but as it is true, it's of no consequence at all——the deputy attorney-general may do as he pleases with the property of witnesses.

For the TICKLER.

The Second street Dr. again.

'Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew us the deep and thorny way to heaven,
While like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And seeks not his own road.

SHAKESPEARE.

In addition to the advice we gave the Dr. last week, we now declare most expressly and explicitly, that if he does not shake the reptile off, we will make him, ere we quit him, lament that he had not more regarded public opinion and public decency, than to have associated with *honest* Mat. We are aware that in attacking the minister of a christian church, the members thereof will be affected by it in some measure and the sect perhaps injured. This is not our wish by any means. We know how the intimacy exists and is promoted, and have to regret that all bishops* do not 'rule well their own houses,' nor are all wives in 'subjection to their own husbands.'

It is in the Doctor's power to make himself contemptible, or still to possess the respectful *tenderness* of his congregation. We shall observe the Doctor's conduct narrowly and with as much candour as possible, but with this emphatic assurance, that the first time he is seen unnecessarily in company with honest Mat, our batteries shall be opened upon him, and from them shall issue a tremendous and well directed fire.

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* The Baptists consider every minister as a bishop.

For the TICKLER.

Tittyboy's defeat.

It will be recollected that some time since we stated that Honest Mat had rented a pew in the Second-street church immediately after the enlargement was completed. His urchin of a son also obtained one, by a mistake of the secretary it is said——he as the committee for letting the pews, never intended that either father or son should have one; but the former complied with the church rules, by paying all arrearages, and by way of removing other objections to him, pledged his word and honour, and even offered his bond that he would not meddle with the church or congregation business in any way. The question respecting Jothiah's pew remained unsettled until Monday last, when the church and congregation met——when lo! they took it from Jothiah, & gave it to the redoubtable Major Simmons.—Honest Mat attended and had just commenced a speech on the subject, when a person rose & almost annihilated him, by merely observing——THIS IS THE MAN, WHO GAVE US HIS WORD AND HONOUR, THAT HE WOULD NOT INTERFERE WITH THE CHURCH AFFAIRS, and best knowing the value of this pledge, OFFERED HIS BOND TO CONFIRM IT.

On the British squadron bombarding the *SAINTS*, a cluster of Islands in the West Indies, where a French fleet lay.

Of French infidelity often we hear,
The British preferring complaints;
But forgetting the cause they pretend to hold dear,
Behold them bombarding the SAINTS!
Whilst the French now resolv'd a new course to pursue,
Nor follow the foes bad direction,
No sooner had learn'd that their flag was in view,
Than they fled to the SAINTS for protection.
Then both parties having their Saintships offended,
Give them sea-room and let valour shew,
To which party, if either, be mercy extended,
To saucy John Bull or Crapeau.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

Some time before the Pennsylvania rebels were tried for their opposition to the laws of the union, colonel Wilkinson, of Bucks county, was conversing with some of his neighbours on that subject.

The colonel is certainly a *larned* man, and of course advocated the measures pursued by our *wise* governor and the *little band* who govern him, in issuing the treasonable orders to resist the legal process of the United States court. The persons present regretted much that our state was disgraced by the affair——hoped the constitution would triumph over treason——that an armed mob would be obliged to bend to the authority of the law, and the insurgents punished. At this the colonel waxed warm——advocated the treason, and swore by his creator, that if those rebels were convicted and imprisoned, he would instantly resign his commission, take his uniform to Philadelphia, and in the most public street make a bon fire of it.

The rebels were tried, convicted, received judgment, and actually imprisoned, yet I am informed that the colonel has not complied with his most solemn declaration. He is still possessed of his uniform and commission.

Some time after the conviction of the rebels, the colonel made his appearance at the head of his regiment in full uniform, when a spectator observed that the colonel remined him of Shadrach, Meshac and Abednego, he had been through the fiery furnace, and escaped unhurt. The flames did not even singe the hem of his garments, so holy and godly was this sagacious officer.

OLD BUCKS.

Dr. John Dyott,

Professional Dentist,

FROM LONDON.

RESPECTFULLY *acquaints the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, and the public in general, that he continues to practice at No.* 116, *north* 2d *street, Philadelphia, where he performs every operation upon* TEETH—*cures the tooth-ache & the scurvy in the gums, be it ever so inveterate; fastens loose teeth by making the gums grow firm up to them; renders teeth white & beautiful, prevents their decay, keeps such as are so from becoming worse; fills up those that are hollow, which not only renders them useful but prevents their aching and further decay; extracts teeth and stumps with ease; transplants teeth, makes & fixes artificial teeth in various ways, and regulates the teeth in children.*

Dr. D. fits artificial teeth from one to an entire set, with such nicety, as to answer the useful purposes of nature, & of so natural an appearance, that it is impossible to distinguish them from real ones.

Dr. D. flatters himself from the extensive practice which he has had in the city of London & other parts of Europe, to give to all those who favor him with their custom, every possible satisfaction.

REMOVAL.

OSWALD & M'ILVAIN respectfully inform their friends, that they have removed their PRINTING OFFICE from No. 179, south Second-street, to a more central and commodious situation, No. 29, Chesnut-st.

Let us all be unhappy together.

Oh come! on some cold rainy day,
When the birds cannot show a dry feather,
Bring your sighs, and your tears Granny Gray,
Let us all be unhappy together.

Bring the heart piercing shoots from your corn,
Bring all the dull news you can gather,
Bring Dick Dismal who looks so forlorn,
Let us all be unhappy together.

We'll talk about mildews and blights,
Occasioned by badness of weather,
About horrible dreams, and dull nights,
And we'll all be unhappy together.

And we'll talk of the ghost without head,
That kiss'd Molly Mump in the cellar,
That frighted the barber's boy dead,
And we'll all be unhappy together.

Let us fancy fresh duty on snuff,
Cats, lap-dogs, or monkies so clever,
Let's suppose that there's taxes enough,
To make us unhappy together.

Let us talk of invasion, of blood,
Of devils, black, blue, white and yellow,
Noah's ark, Noah's self, and the flood,
Let us all be unhappy together.

Let us mourn for the days that are past,
When our hearts were as light as a feather,
Let's suppose that this day is our last,
Let us all be unhappy together.

And I charge you my dear granny Gray,
Should you meet Susan Sad, that you tell her,
The keg's burst, and the gin's run away,
And we're all unhappy together.

A MELANCHOLLY OCCURRENCE.

A singular and calamitous event, which happened in Germany, and which was long involved in the deepest mystery, was brought to light some time since.

The baron de ——, when a young man, was married to a lovely young woman, to whom he was fondly attached. A party of the family were invited to pass some days with them at his mansion in the country, to celebrate this happy event. On the evening of the marriage, they were amusing themselves with playing, '*hide and go seek*.' During the game, every one had been found but the bride, and they were all employed in seeking her, wondering how well she had hid herself. Not being able to find her, nor obtaining any answer to their repeated calls, they became alarmed; and every one with all the servants, was employed in the search. The house was ransacked from the chambers to the cellar.—The garden, the grounds about, every place was explored in vain. Thinking she might have been carried off, if she had gone out of the house, persons were dispatched round the neighbourhood, and on all the different roads. Nothing could be heard of her. Letters and every inquiry were afterwards made, to no purpose. The husband lamented his misfortune, never married, and was always tortured with his mysterious loss. After a lapse of more than thirty years, the house was destined to be thoroughly repaired. In removing the rubbish from a neglected garret, there was among it, a large antiquated trunk, on opening it, they found a skeleton with some fragments of female dress; on examination, they were recognized to have been of the bridal dress of the unfortunate lady; and that she had concealed herself in this trunk, which fastening with a spring lock, the top had fallen, and that she had miserably perished.

In England lately, a field preacher, who had been a printer, observed in his natal harangue, that 'Youth might be compared to a COMMA, Manhood to a SEMICOLON; old Age to a COLON: to which death put a PERIOD.'

From the Columbian Centinel.

Against Drunkenness.

'For in the wreath that decks the flowing bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poison'd serpents roll.'

A Drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures whom God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

'In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers *every flaw in it*. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but liquor makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul and shew itself: it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them.

Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It oftens turns the good natured man into an ideot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject.—There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, that drunkenness does not produce, but discovers faults. Common experience teaches the contrary.

Liquor throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with after the mind is exhilorated, is not the same man who at first sat down at the table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I have met with,—'He who jests upon a man that is drunk injures the absent.'

Thus does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavor to make their entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind, even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses: it wastes the estate, banishes reputation, consumes the body, and renders a man of the brightest parts the common jest of an insignificant clown.

A method of employing ones time profitably is a thing so little studied, that the common amusement of our young citizens (especially of such as are at a great distance from those of the first breeding) is drinking. This way of entertainment has custom on its side; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few companies that have been guilty of excess in this way, where there have not happened more accidents which make against, than for the continuance of it.

It is very common that events arise from a debauch which are fatal, and always such as are disagreeable. With all a man's reason and good sense about him, his tongue is apt to utter things out of a mere gaiety of heart, which may displease his best friends. Who then would trust himself to the power of grog, recollecting that it raises the imagination and depresses the judgment?

Were there only this single consideration, that we are less masters of ourselves when we drink in the least proportion above the exigencies of thirst; I say, were this all that could be objected it were sufficient to make us abhor this vice. But we may go on to say, that as he who drinks but little is not master of himself, so he who drinks much is a slave to every person who is more sober than himself? and of course in the power of his enemies and dependants.

As for my part, I ever esteemed a drunkard of all vicious persons the most vicious: for if our actions are to be weighed and considered according to the intention of them, what can we think of him who puts himself into a circumstance wherein he can have no intention at all, but incapacitates himself for the duties and offices of life, by a suspension of all his faculties.

If a man considers that he cannot, under the oppression of drink, be a friend, a gentleman, a master or a servant; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear, and given up all that is sacred to him, he would think of a debauch with horror, and avoid the company and places liable to this temptation with equal resolution as if the yellow fever were there prevalent! For when he looks still further, and acknowledges that he is not only expelled out of all the relations of life, but also liable to offend against them all, what words can express the terror and detestation he would have of such a condition? And yet he owns all this of himself who says he was drunk last night.

As I have all along persisted, that all the vicious in general are in a state of death, so I may safely add to the non-existence of drunkards, that they died by their own hands. He is certainly as guilty of suicide who perishes by a slow, as he that is dispatched by an immediate poison.

But as our faults are double when they affect others besides ourselves, so this vice is still more odious in a married than a single man. He who is the husband of a woman of honour, and comes home overloaded with liquor, is still more contemptible, in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy consort of his beastiality. The imagination cannot shape to itself any thing more monstrous and unnatural than the familiarities between drunkenness and chastity. The romantic tales of virgins devoted to the jaws of monsters, have nothing in them so terrible, as the gift of a modest woman to a bacchanalian.

The reflection of such a match as spotless innocence with abandoned lewdness, is what puts this vice in the worst figure it can bear with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with respect only to the drunkard himself, it has deformities enough to make it disagreeable, which may be summed up in a word, by allowing, that he who abuses his reason, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reason.

ANTI-BACCHUS.

The following cursory remarks on the works of Noah Webster, Esq. are selected from the London Monthly Magazine for August, 1802.

'The works of Noah Webster, Esq. They have been numerous; and several of them very respectable and ingenious, but so heterogeneous as to defy analysis: morality, politics, religion and astrology, mixed and beat up together like drugs in a mortar. It was reserved for this gentleman to discover that the British *literati*, by the pains which they had taken for so many centuries to arrange their language into its present state of symmetry, had deprived it of its beauties, and so tied it up with parts of speech, moods, tenses, numbers, and persons, as to require a long and tedious time to untie the Gordian knot; therefore, Alexander like, he determined to cut it at once; let syntax loose; divorce adjective from substantive; wreak his vengeance upon orthography, and deliver it, bound hand and foot, to orthoepy, to use at pleasure: out of these poor disjointed rudiments, he proposed to frame, in his pestle and mortar way, an American tongue, of which he was to be the immortal founder! Fired with the glorious prospect, and determined to break down that barrier which he could not over-leap, between learning and ignorance, and to become the champion of the latter, he published a miscellaneous collection of stuff, having the same affinity to science, which which an *olla podrida*, or hotch-potch has to cookery, 'passing all understanding of man,' and proposed it as a model of American writing, and the foundation of the new tongue. Among the principal improvements introduced into this elegant specimen of transatlantic novelty, was that of spelling words according to auricular sounds; as *az*, his *hiz*, honor *honur*, and also that of cutting out by syncope, all letters not used in pronunciation——as in brought *brot*, thought *thot*, sought *sot*, but unfortunately for this tongue-maker, his work procured him only one disciple or wag, who pretended to be so——a razor-grinder by trade. He resided, for he was above the order of itinerant brethren, in a house adjoining to the bridge over the creek in Richmond, in Virginia; and, in order to hold out his occupation to the *intelligent* Virginians, put a board over his shop-window, on which was inscribed, 'Razors ground and *sot* here!'

From a London Magazine.

Dr. Gall, at Vienna, who has been forbidden to teach in public, his singular and curious doctrine, takes the conformation of the skull for the basis of his observations or conjectures: the more convex and arched the skull is, the more capacity he supposes to be in the individual, and quotes, in support of his opinion, the skulls of several celebrated men. A convexity is generally remarked in all great men; but handsome men, whose heads are round, and of a more agreeable form, have commonly but little wit. He thinks he can also assign to the brain the place of each of the faculties of the soul; for example, he finds the seat of the faculty of observation immediately behind the forehead. This place is much arched in children, who, as is well known, are particularly distinguished by that quality. This convexity insensibly diminishes, and even changes to concavity, except in persons of great observation, and Dr. Gall concludes from hence, that liberty and use may produce many changes in this faculty of man. He has in his possession the skulls of several celebrated persons, among others, those of Blumauer, of Axinger, and of Wurmser. In the skull of this latter, he pretends to have discovered the organ of courage, which is placed at an inch distance and above the ear. The skulls of animals have also furnished him with important discoveries. He has found the musical organ in the skulls of singing-birds, in those of celebrated musicians, and especially in that of Mozart. And, lastly, he finds the organ of cunning in the spotted skulls of foxes and cats, as also in those of men whom he has known to be of great subtlety.

HIBERNICISM.

Who lives there honest friend? said a travelling stranger
As on thro' the county of Antrim he sped;
And who fancied that houses *shut up* implied danger:
Lives there? answered Teague—why a man that is *dead*.

When did he die——quoth the stranger more gaily;
Teague paused—scratch'd his caxon, so straight and so sleek,
Then replied—by my conscience! my jewel, why really
If he'd lived till to-day, he'd been dead a whole week.

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